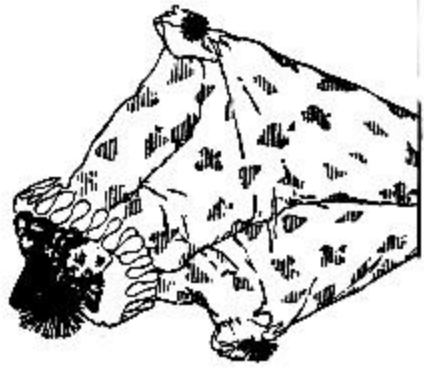
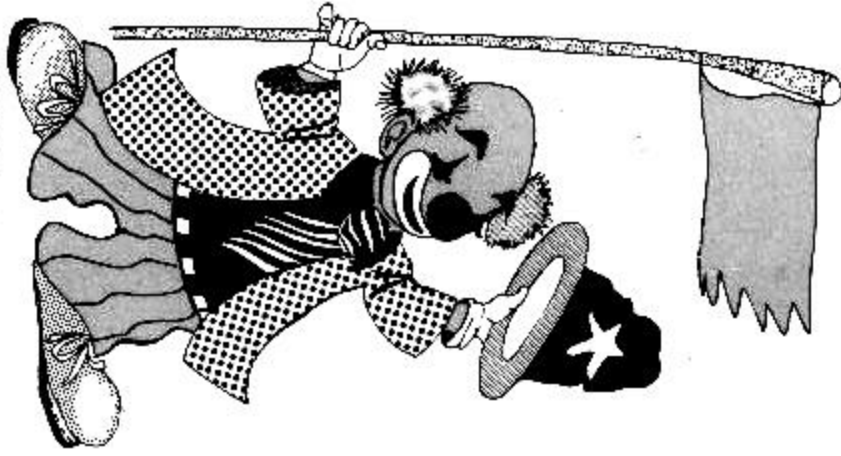


Plastic  
Coated



MADE IN HONG KONG

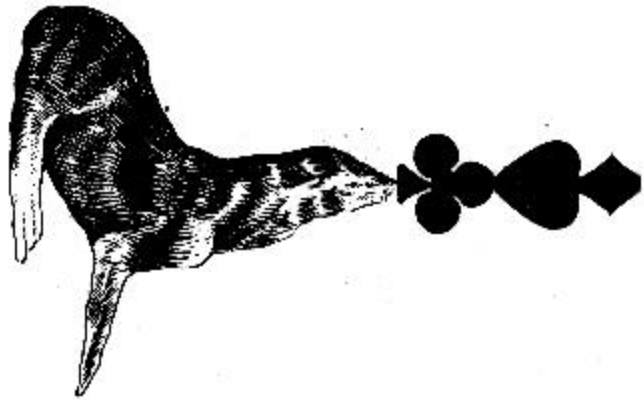


JOKER

JOKER

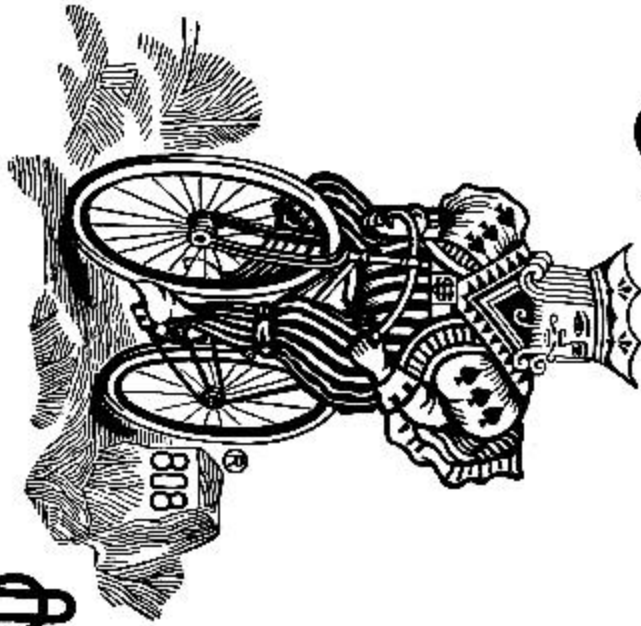


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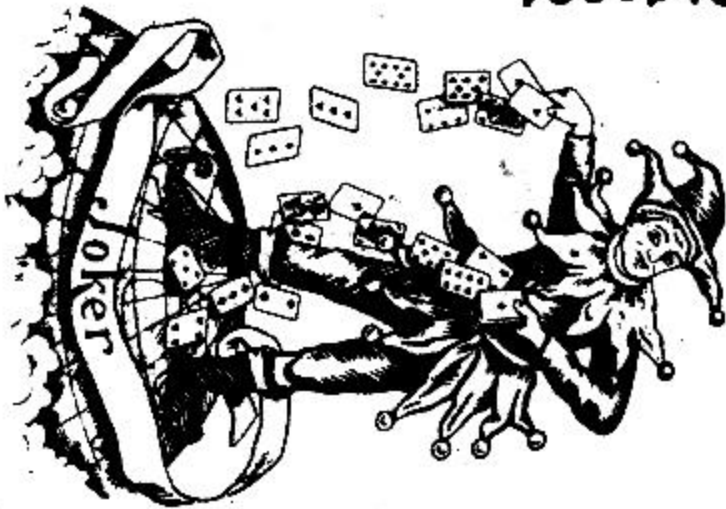
JOKER

email me at:  
hoodrat-militia@riseup.net

JOKER



JOKER



#2

→ writings in defense of personality...



this collection of writings is a  
hoodrat militia production!



★ kid cutbank ★★★★★

Everyday I go to school and I'm mentally abused. My whole life seems to be planned for me and the school system is the first stage; set up to break my will against this. This zine is a product and a means of escaping that. When I am pushed so hard in a direction that I loathe, my resentment for this whole rotten culture expands and I must unleash it. I unleash with a pen and paper. I unleash in laughter among friends, with long bike rides, with reading and drawing, with sipping coffee and playing outside. I unleash with a burst of personality. It's my own first stage, but in this case I'm building up my will, not destroying it. And until this nightmare of a culture falls apart as it must, I cannot stop pushing back. This is a push for me, a hard shove for them.



8. 2, 3, 5, 8, 12, 20, 35, 56, 84, 119, 160, 210, 270, 340, 420, 510, 610, 720, 840, 970, 1120, 1290, 1480, 1690, 1920, 2170, 2440, 2730, 3040, 3370, 3720, 4090, 4480, 4890, 5320, 5770, 6240, 6730, 7240, 7770, 8320, 8890, 9480, 10090, 10720, 11370, 12040, 12730, 13440, 14170, 14920, 15690, 16480, 17290, 18120, 18970, 19840, 20730, 21640, 22570, 23520, 24490, 25480, 26490, 27520, 28570, 29640, 30730, 31840, 32970, 34120, 35290, 36480, 37690, 38920, 40170, 41440, 42730, 44040, 45370, 46720, 48090, 49480, 50890, 52320, 53770, 55240, 56730, 58240, 59770, 61320, 62890, 64480, 66090, 67720, 69370, 71040, 72730, 74440, 76170, 77920, 79690, 81480, 83290, 85120, 86970, 88840, 90730, 92640, 94570, 96520, 98490, 100480, 102490, 104520, 106570, 108640, 110730, 112840, 114970, 117120, 119290, 121480, 123690, 125920, 128170, 130440, 132730, 135040, 137370, 139720, 142090, 144480, 146890, 149320, 151770, 154240, 156730, 159240, 161770, 164320, 166890, 169480, 172090, 174720, 177370, 180040, 182730, 185440, 188170, 190920, 193690, 196480, 199290, 202120, 204970, 207840, 210730, 213640, 216570, 219520, 222490, 225480, 228490, 231520, 234570, 237640, 240730, 243840, 246970, 250120, 253290, 256480, 259690, 262920, 266170, 269440, 272730, 276040, 279370, 282720, 286090, 289480, 292890, 296320, 299770, 303240, 306730, 310240, 313770, 317320, 320890, 324480, 328090, 331720, 335370, 339040, 342730, 346440, 350170, 353920, 357690, 361480, 365290, 369120, 372970, 376840, 380730, 384640, 388570, 392520, 396490, 400480, 404490, 408520, 412570, 416640, 420730, 424840, 428970, 433120, 437290, 441480, 445690, 449920, 454170, 458440, 462730, 467040, 471370, 475720, 480090, 484480, 488890, 493320, 497770, 502240, 506730, 511240, 515770, 520320, 524890, 529480, 534090, 538720, 543370, 548040, 552730, 557440, 562170, 566920, 571690, 576480, 581290, 586120, 590970, 595840, 600730, 605640, 610570, 615520, 620490, 625480, 630490, 635520, 640570, 645640, 650730, 655840, 660970, 666120, 671290, 676480, 681690, 686920, 692170, 697440, 702730, 708040, 713370, 718720, 724090, 729480, 734890, 740320, 745770, 751240, 756730, 762240, 767770, 773320, 778890, 784480, 790090, 795720, 801370, 807040, 812730, 818440, 824170, 829920, 835690, 841480, 847290, 853120, 858970, 864840, 870730, 876640, 882570, 888520, 894490, 900480, 906490, 912520, 918570, 924640, 930730, 936840, 942970, 949120, 955290, 961480, 967690, 973920, 980170, 986440, 992730, 999040, 1005370, 1011720, 1018090, 1024480, 1030890, 1037320, 1043770, 1050240, 1056730, 1063240, 1069770, 1076320, 1082890, 1089480, 1096090, 1102720, 1109370, 1116040, 1122730, 1129440, 1136170, 1142920, 1149690, 1156480, 1163290, 1170120, 1176970, 1183840, 1190730, 1197640, 1204570, 1211520, 1218490, 1225480, 1232490, 1239520, 1246570, 1253640, 1260730, 1267840, 1274970, 1282120, 1289290, 1296480, 1303690, 1310920, 1318170, 1325440, 1332730, 1340040, 1347370, 1354720, 1362090, 1369480, 1376890, 1384320, 1391770, 1399240, 1406730, 1414240, 1421770, 1429320, 1436890, 1444480, 1452090, 1459720, 1467370, 1475040, 1482730, 1490440, 1498170, 1505920, 1513690, 1521480, 1529290, 1537120, 1544970, 1552840, 1560730, 1568640, 1576570, 1584520, 1592490, 1600480, 1608490, 1616520, 1624570, 1632640, 1640730, 1648840, 1656970, 1665120, 1673290, 1681480, 1689690, 1697920, 1706170, 1714440, 1722730, 1731040, 1739370, 1747720, 1756090, 1764480, 1772890, 1781320, 1789770, 1798240, 1806730, 1815240, 1823770, 1832320, 1840890, 1849480, 1858090, 1866720, 1875370, 1884040, 1892730, 1901440, 1910170, 1918920, 1927690, 1936480, 1945290, 1954120, 1962970, 1971840, 1980730, 1989640, 1998570, 2007520, 2016490, 2025480, 2034490, 2043520, 2052570, 2061640, 2070730, 2079840, 2088970, 2098120, 2107290, 2116480, 2125690, 2134920, 2144170, 2153440, 2162730, 2172040, 2181370, 2190720, 2200090, 2209480, 2218890, 2228320, 2237770, 2247240, 2256730, 2266240, 2275770, 2285320, 2294890, 2304480, 2314090, 2323720, 2333370, 2343040, 2352730, 2362440, 2372170, 2381920, 2391690, 2401480, 2411290, 2421120, 2430970, 2440840, 2450730, 2460640, 2470570, 2480520, 2490490,

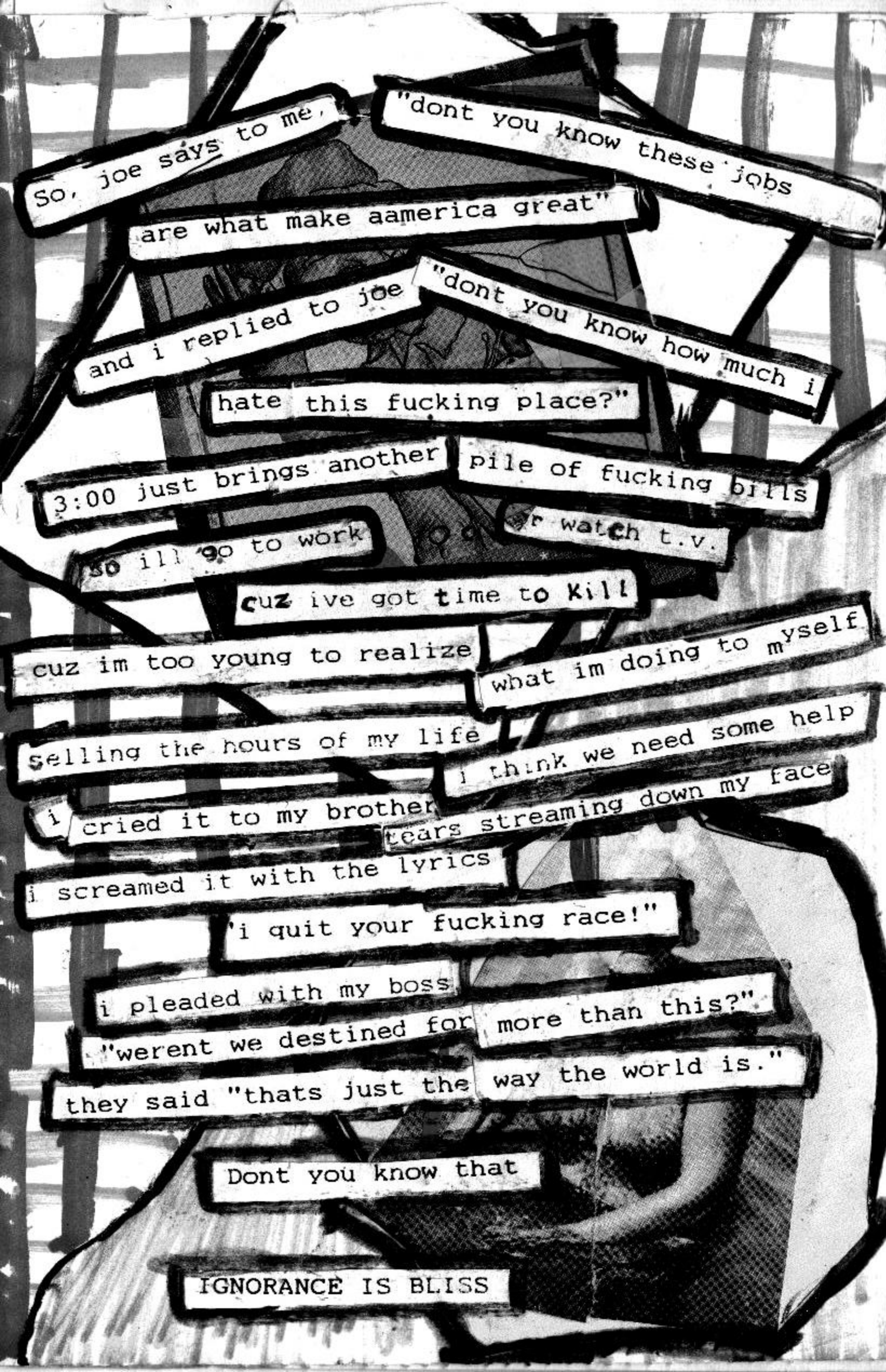
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So, joe says to me,

"dont you know these jobs

are what make aamerica great"

and i replied to joe

"dont you know how much i

hate this fucking place?"

3:00 just brings another

pile of fucking bills

so ill go to work

or watch t.v.

cuz ive got time to kill

cuz im too young to realize

what im doing to myself

selling the hours of my life

i think we need some help

i cried it to my brother

tears streaming down my face

i screamed it with the lyrics

"i quit your fucking race!"

i pleaded with my boss

"werent we destined for more than this?"

they said "thats just the way the world is."

Dont you know that

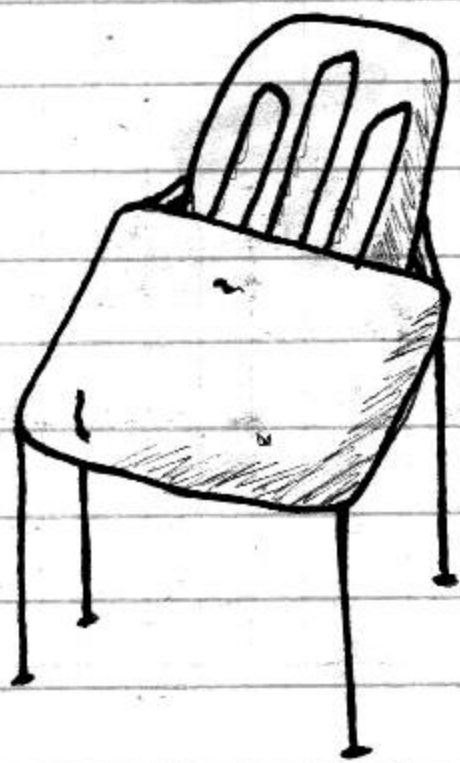
IGNORANCE IS BLISS

xxxMY DESK.

\*\*\*

this flat wooden board soaks up my leaking boredom.  
home to restless heads & vapid stares. my sunken  
eyes study the patterns of brown, mindlessly...

the only thoughts i conjer up in my repeatitive day  
dream is an animated sequence; the steps of my  
escape plan and a still shot of my laughing face;  
permanently absent from the daily hell called school.  
but for now; i sit in this hard plastic chair, my  
forehead tightly pressed against my desk. the uneasy  
air reminds me of my lacking freedoms. that old  
familiar smell that plagues me. im only entitled to  
this glossy piece of wood and the thought beats me  
down. so, as they keep talking, ill keep drawing.  
scribbling pictures of grass and clouds as im  
scolded to stay on task.







in the sewer...

We wander through damp city caves,  
exploring what's under your feet.  
Led by a dim beam from a flashlight,  
it feels like we've discovered a buried  
secret. A hidden paradise. Trudging  
through waste & sewage, our words  
are few & far between. It's chilly &  
moist, a raw feeling that comforts my soul.  
The darkness begs for adventure,  
allowing only bits of light from the  
streets above. We leave bread crumbs  
on the surface, mapping out the new  
maze we're wandering through. The  
humming from cars & creaks of the  
tunnel echo & give us a background tune.  
Pondering the mystery's of this underground  
town, we'll be returning to investigate.

Theres a different world

called the inside

i dont know it very well

my brother does, a mistake

he made 7 months ago

put him in a cell

i dont know what he does in there, just

sits and bides his time

then i think about life on the outside, and how  
we all just do the same

I told my friend about how i never wanted to work.

How when i was little, i didnt  
daydream  
about selling food to jerks

NOW im not so little

and ive got a job

and every day i sell this murder

to these fucking slobs

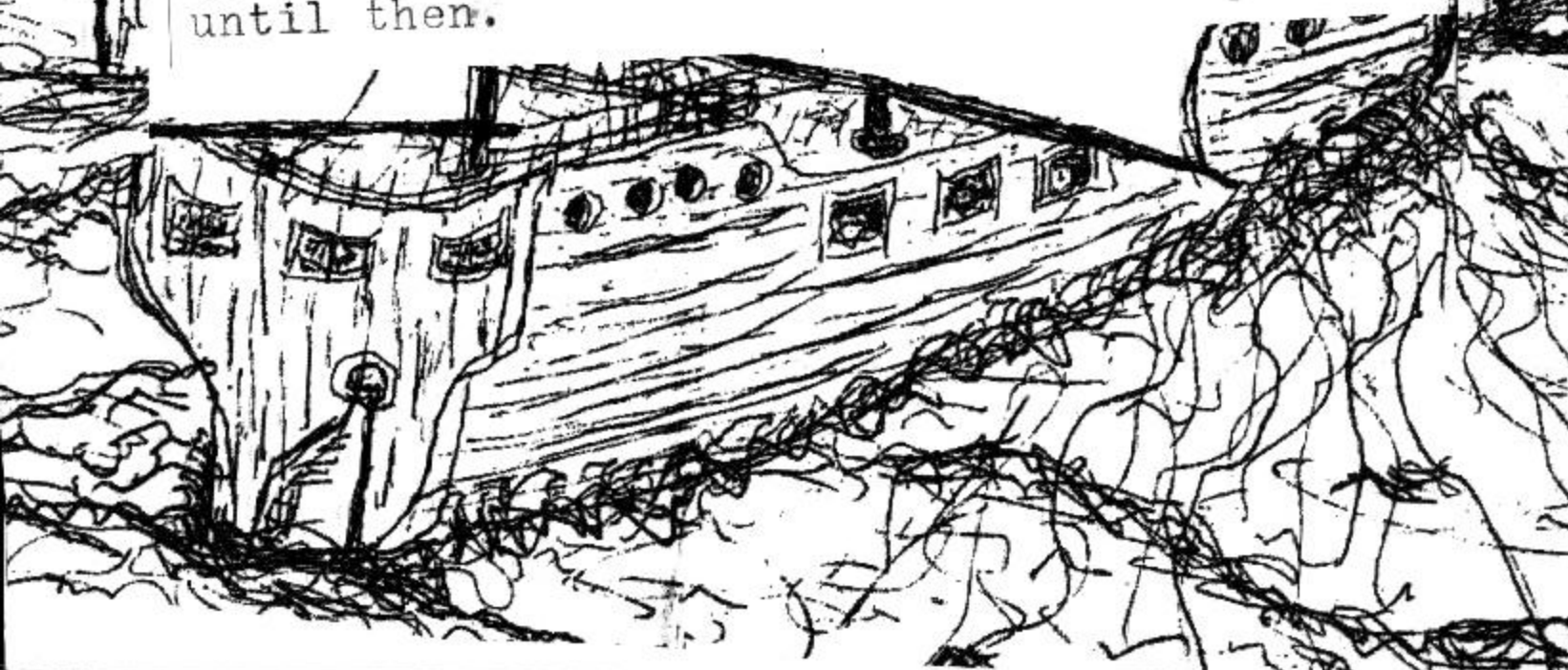
A POEM BY MY FRIEND,  
"SLOTH".





TIREB.

these days get obnoxious: quiet and slow 'till they're over. its getting harder to decide on anything and inspiration is temporary; it comes and gos like my headaches. i think of how everything was before, when i didnt need to leave to be happy. theres no one to blame because this place ~~is~~ reeks of apathy. its fucking sad. by the time you try to do anything the city reaches down to slap you in the ~~face~~. its discouraging and the city makes us this way. its the laws and ideals and atmosphere of dead things. im scared of becoming a dead thing. it becomes harder and harder to be enthusiastic. how can we become so low that we cant laugh anymore? if there is anything to fight for~~x~~, thats it. when happiness is finally a priority we can rise above this painful game. then we wont need to kill ourselves and everything. until then.



FLAG'S.

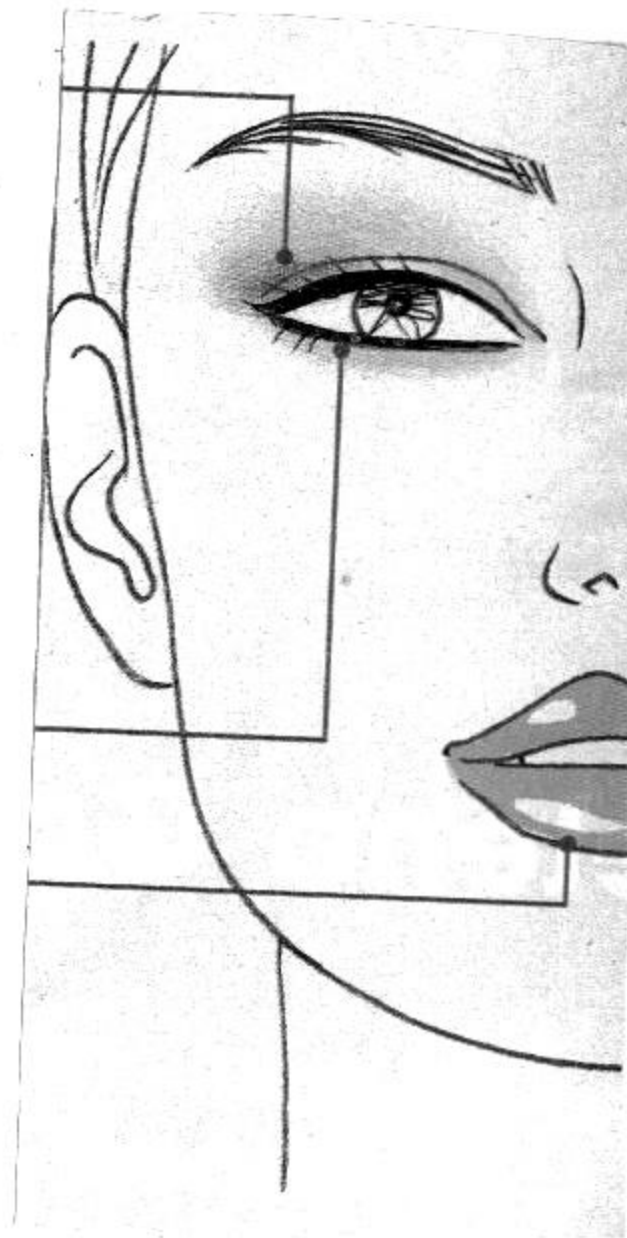
we are the children of a flag.  
live by it. die by it.  
we never leave its side.  
we feel nothing as we repeat the  
routine: stand up, hand-over-heart,  
recite.  
day after day.  
we love this flag more than our  
family.  
more than the planet, whom of which  
we've cut and stripped in the flags  
name.  
the flag is wrapped tightly; laid  
gently across our eyes and pulled  
■ swiftly to tie behind our empty  
heads.  
all we see is their colors and  
their money and their marketing.  
we start to shun our own colors if  
they dont match their flag.





MECHANICS.

your wires wrapped around my neck, you  
dont bother to look me in the eyes.  
im choking on that brandnewscent that  
you doused yourself in today.  
your matching clothing and matching smile  
are sickening to me.  
backstabbing antics made up with products  
keep me at social bay.  
walking quietly, i pretend im blind to this  
horrid youthful mess.  
as your friendships fall apart, the make-  
up runs, but money returns the bliss.  
so i pull at my hair and swear your off,  
"you kids are all the same!"  
if we cant break our shells, then we've  
made our own hell and the future is  
fucking grim.



and rot or cuffed for walking at 2 am.

This power trip is an inkling of the foreshadowing for what is  
to become of you if ever you dare leave this unscrupulous game  
and its childish antics.

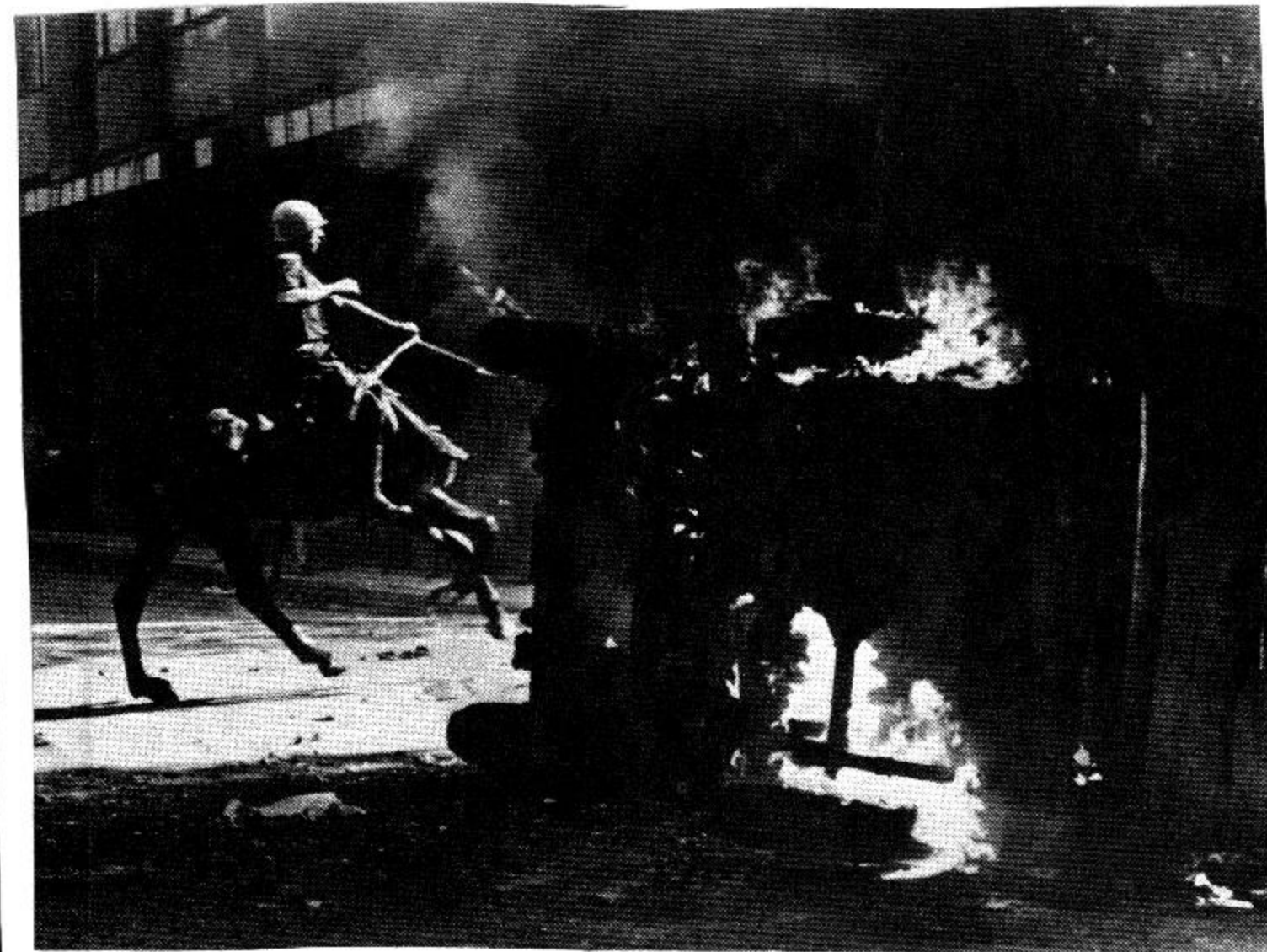
They lay rotten eggshells for you to walk on and stand over  
you; waiting to inflict punishment for your failure.

"Eat these words" is the song they sing and the spell holds us  
to the ground as we shut our mouths and get back to work.  
There is a war waged against us and your "friendly officers"

are on the frontlines.



you fuck my mind with elaborate  
lies.  
spewing shit from behind a  
disguise.  
to believe in your words is to  
give up mine.  
to see the world as you do, i'd  
rather be blind.





# COPS

To protect and serve?

That's right, and they do the job great.

The motto sweeps the town and shuts the ghetto's doors.

Walkways are created for the wealthy, constructed upon the heads of slaves.

It's all too obvious but it seems to never stop.

We're expendable. We always have been.

So where's the fucking loophole? I just can't seem to spot it:

Lost in a sea of jargon and cleverly depleted among silver-

There's a box drawn like chalk lines on a playground and  
laed words in an old book.

So where's the service? The protection? Your safety?

Dangled just over your head, you'll always be two steps behind.

We're quarantined and the air we breathe chokes us with  
never-ending control.

Whether or not we choose to recognize the domination,

bowing has never been painless.

I've never been allowed to feel the freedom that I'm supposed

to be thankful for and there's no apology for that. Sit inside

THE REAL  
TERRORIST

WEST BEND  
POLICE DEPARTMENT

"I had a dream that my whole town  
had turned into a prison. A cop on  
every corner, I don't feel too safe.  
Feels like I'm in jail!"

- from "The Police Song" by The Broadways



→ WEST BEND 09'

THEIR RAILS story...

We waited at the catch-out spot under the bridge for hours. 10 hours to be exact. It was a freezing night and neither of us wanted to stay there. The right train finally came to the yard and we were about to leave as the cop pulled up and scared us away from our spot. We walked out onto the busy streets, the sun shining in our sleepy faces. We got some coffee and went to hitchhike. It took us 6 hours and 2 different rides to get to Madison. It was a windy day and cars were speeding past us. We began to tire and we were desperate for a ride. It was a trucker that took us out of Waukesha and brought us to Madison. He was a younger guy; real funny and he swore a lot. He, as most of the other people who picked us up on our trip, used to hitchhike himself. As we got out of the truck we realized that our Styrofoam container of beans opened up and spilt all over the passenger seat floor. We felt awful but we didn't know what to do... We left in a hurry, chuckling as we scurried around the corner. We cleaned up and rested and got on a train destined for Portage the same night. It was a nice ride and we were having a great time, standing out on the porch and taggin'. Unfortunately, the train stopped for the night in a tiny town called Arlington. Neither of us knew anything about this place except that it was almost 20 miles away from Portage. We walked around the town searching for a good area to camp for the night, but tiny strips of old houses and huge fields disappointed us. The town seemed uninviting and I was half-expecting to be harassed by the police. We made our way to what seemed to be the only gas station in town but it was closed (it was 2 A.M. after all). We decided to walk the highway towards Portage to find a place to rest until we could hitch in the morning. We made jokes of the creepy town, imaging a new movie called "The Arlington Chainsaw Massacre." After walking for a couple of minutes, our cops finally came. We were questioned and my parents were called. The cop wasn't too bad, as he offered us a ride to a hotel. But, we had no money for that kind of thing and all we wanted was to be left alone to



continue our tired journey. We were let go and we continued to walk along the dark highway. Finally we found a patch of woods and we laid our sleeping bags out to sleep for a couple of hours. In the morning we attempted hitchhiking but ended up walking all the way to the next town. As we entered Poynette we searched for a place to sit and eat. It was a small town but definitely bigger than the last one we stumbled across. Giving up on a diner, we went to a gas station to ask directions. "No place like that here," said one of the old locals in the station. "You'd have to go to Portage for that," he said. We suggested that we needed a ride but left after our request was politely denied. We had a 10-mile walk ahead of us and we were not looking forward to it. As we started, though, the local from the gas station pulled up next to us in his truck and told us he'd give us a ride if we rode in the back. We graciously accepted and we were dropped off at a small diner on the edge of portage. After eating a nice big meal, we walked into town. Our train from Arlington rode past us, as we got closer, leaving us shaking our heads in disappointment. We walked towards the catch-out spot but stopped at a train-bridge along the way. We found that you could crawl under it and there was a nice enclosure to sit in. The tracks were just overhead and we could easily climb out to catch a train, so we decided to stay. After 8 hours of waiting in "the box", as we called it, we were getting a little crazy and annoyed with the situation. Our train finally came. We rode it into the yard and waited. After a half of an hour a general manifest train blew past us, scolding us for being too eager. We sat for another 3 hours in the yard before our train finally left. I woke up in Winona. We got off the train and walked until we found a gas station. We dug in the trash for cardboard and went to the highway to hitch. After an hour we got a ride from a young girl (who also used to hitchhike. What a surprise, eh), who took us almost 10 miles out of her way. She told us a story of how she used to ride around on her bike in below 20 degree winter weather with her kid in a trailer on the back of her bike. She transported this way until her professor in college, one day, gave her a car as a present. There was one condition that the girl had to follow

#### SHAMBLER IDENTITY.

I'm beginning to wonder if we'll ever win this fight. I see a group of kids still strung out on the latest fashion; it seems like I could find these clowns in any catalog picked up from the shelf of some "alternative" clothing store in the mall; an easy tie-in for any rich trend-setter-to-be, finally ready to take the step to rebellious image. Will they ever learn? They don't want to hear it, hiding under the side cash of a fat-walleted family who is busy acting on some cop-out fucking version of generosity. It's a misused privilege and holding your tongue won't help a thing; as long as they have money they won't need to think. They roam around flaunting their brand new outfit: a fair trade for their personality or lack thereof. The impending quest for a group to fit in only presents a cliquish faux community for them to fuck around in, forgetting or just ignoring the ongoing fight for a better world that this sub-culture, in which they're trying to buy into, is trying to create. Any hinting to the real version of their twisted costume party leads to closed doors and closed ears to match. A threat to their image is a threat to their ego, which seems to be the only thing on their minds. I don't know whether to embrace these people, in hopes of attempting to show them that they don't need to try to impress with their fashion, or to swear them off as enemies. I'm no better; living in this nice town in a nice house, but I recognize my duties that come with my privileges. A headache brews as I try with all my might to figure out what the point of this scene is, because that's all it seems to be. Maybe I'm being too harsh but from over here it looks like they'll kick and scream before they ever practice what they preach.



Its night time  
everything is  
couple of seconds  
GLAD TO BE YOUNG.

its night time. i walk along the quiet streets.  
i try to think to myself. every couple of seconds  
a car speeds past me, leaving a cloud of exhaust  
behind it. i catch a glimpse inside and i see  
someone who looks like they're in a rush. they  
always look that way. in reminded, once again, of  
the distance between everybody. its a nightmare.  
everyone lives a nightmare. they hide away their  
crayons to type away in a cubicle.

today i had to fill out a sheet. check here for  
my interests. here for my hobbies. and herefor  
perferred work fields. i skimmed the page for any-  
thing resembling "happiness" or "freedom". i trembled  
as i found they were missing. i remembered that life  
brings in no income (only death), thus my answers  
dont slide to their "WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO FOR A  
LIVING?!" Well hang me up by a suit and tie and  
sell my dead body. save yourselves the burden  
and just cash me in. at least then i wont have to  
grow up.



though, and that was that she now had to do  
something nice for somebody else when they were in  
need. We were the "someone else" on that particular  
day. We were dropped off near a Safeway next to the  
highway. It was a really nice area, with lots of big  
ridges and hills and trees and water, but the  
traffic was very mild and we were still 80 miles  
away from our destination. To our surprise a man in  
a pickup truck picked us up before an hour and took  
us 10 miles to the next town, Lake City. The man  
dropped us off near a burger king and gave us 8  
bucks to go get burgers. After he was out of sight, we  
turned away from the burger king (yuck) and walked  
to the corner of the main road. We stuck our thumbs  
out but cars sped past us and we decided to find a  
new spot. Just as we started walking an older man in  
a big van pulled up next to us and offered us a  
ride. The man really loved the idea that we were  
traveling and he had lots of stories and advice to  
give us in between talking about fishing and biking  
and his sons. He told us of how he used to hitchhike  
and how he used to ride freight trains when he was  
younger. After about 10 minutes of driving, we  
noticed that there was a train rolling by on the  
tracks right next to us. Catching the hint, the man  
told us that the train seemed to be going slow  
enough and he asked if he should stop to let us out.  
We agreed and we quickly got out, after saying  
goodbye, and ran across the highway to our train. We  
found a good car and we both got on in a hurry.  
It was a beautiful ride to St. Paul; we finally made  
it. Although our adventure was only a week long, it  
was the best thing I'd had done in over a year and it  
was too fun to explain. Now I itch for that freedom  
and will continue to itch until I can get on the  
road again.

the end...



go team clearcut!

the sickest of all the stupid internet videos made by groups of bored kids who want quick fame through single click links from online friend sites.

in the first couple of seconds of play. a quirky tune played as an old-growth forest was devastated on film. large machinery operated by men resembling the clique of confederate revival hicks that rev their truck engines in the high school parking lot every morning. these men were "authorized" though, with their liscences and pay checks, to act out their sick fantasies of masculinity; conquering the earth.

they pulled the oldest, largest trees to the ground and it seemed that each one fell harder than the next.

web surfers everywhere could laugh as bubbles popped up mid-video that would read "OUCH!" or "there she blows!" or "thats gotta hurt!"

one by one trees were driven into by tractors aiming for a "weak spot" in the trunk. I remembered why i resist. these people cut their own home to the ground. they think they fucking own the planet. wait until they get punished; not a squeak of arragont blather will redeem them for what they've done. for what they do,

they kill trees to make a smaller version of the real thing. a more violent and useless version of the real thing.

theres no excuse. the hit counter rises; the planet falls.

they caught me. i was at the car when she ran out after me, demanding a receipt. i had nothing for her; nothing to hint towards an identity of normalcy; a regular shopper who made an honest mistake and who wouldn't dream of shoplifting. all i had for her was a forced innocent expression and a slew of apxologetic excuses. it got me no where... except back into the store and knee deep in trouble. when i followed her back they

were waiting for me. the stone-faced manager, in his bright blue shirt and with his slick, gelled back hair, stood over me like a fucking killer in some slasher flick. He didnt buy a word that i said to attempt to relieve myself of the consequences awaiting me. just by standing there with his stern face and his mouth moving rapidly towards a headset he had had on, he made himself a mountainous barricade in which was blocking me from the freedom outside of the grocery store. sitting in the back room, i was uncomfortable on a big comfortable chair. i tried to laugh at the situation as i waited for stone-face to get some paperwork from the other room. he appointed a bulldog of an employee to "guard" me, as if i was a convict awaiting trial in a holding cell. i may as well had been. the bulldog clearly loved his job and didnt try to hide his motives as he persisted to question me like i was in an interrogation room at a police station. it seemed as if he really believed that i was stealing from HIM. poor dog. trained so well. the cop walked in after just a few minutes. he had his routine jokes prepared; spouting off un-funny comments designed to patronize the average "delinquent" and put himself on a higher pedestal than he already was on with his badge and his gun. he immediately searched me and then took me away. ~~xxxx~~ being paraded through the store, i felt like a real-life example for the cop to show how not to end up. how convenient for the system. not so convenient for me. down at the station i recieved a bill and a huge waste of my time. more fucking money that i dont have. why do they think i was stealing in the first place?



ALL ALONE.

i cant take this seriously.  
idiocy fuels this disease and every-  
body is part gasoline.

we analyze.

we revise.

we reform.

then we avoid questioning the  
practicality of it all.

must we be counted and must we stand'  
in lines, alone and scared?

of course not.

but we will.

bullshit slogans perpetuate slavery;  
the victims are everywhere, wounded  
and confused.

nullified by cynicism and twisted by faux  
authority, change and uprising become but  
a dream, distant and mystical.

any form of rebellion is another redundant  
voice so it is scoffed at and over-looked.

we lock ourselves in boxes.

we cut the cords of emotion.

we rush by ourselves and forget to breathe.

and we'll die like this; all alone.



## FAST FOOD JOB.

another dull night filled with burger  
flipping and carrying trays. 7 dollars  
an hour to temporarily abandon myself.  
put on a uniform and plaster a stupid smile  
to my frustrated face.

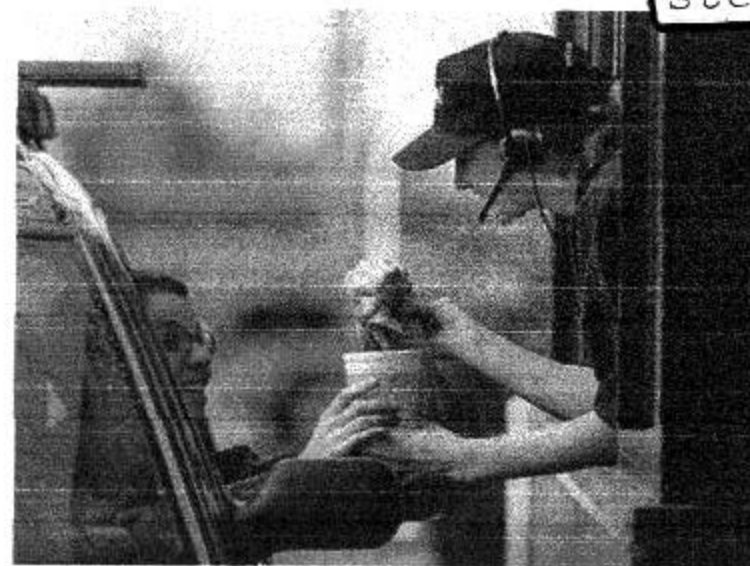
im spouting off the usual phrases that  
were programed into my dialect the day i  
got the job. my thoughts of creativity  
are quickly drowned by a pool of anxiousness  
and the sick feeling that comes with  
hours spent in a greasy wasteland.

i force out a smile as i stuff a greasy bagg  
of shit into this chumps hands. i walk away  
at a speedy pace, muttering to myself what  
i would have liked to say to that customer.  
after being analyzed by my supervisors i feel  
nervous and reckless.. the encouragment  
they shove misses me by a mile and im back  
to watching the floor, counting the minutes.

asshole after asshole shelling out their  
big bills for a heap of experiments passed off  
as food. letting a strand of saliva  
slip into a drink, i feel a little  
better and let out a small laugh.

and im not the only malfunctioning  
robot. my co-workers love to swear  
off the mindless customers...

almost as they love their paychecks on  
monday. at least i can let a smile slip,  
between hurrying to satisfy some family  
of people whining about their food not  
being ready after 5 minutes.



stepping on a ketsup packet  
and watching as the  
satin steel is covered  
in patterns of red..

tomorrow ill call in.



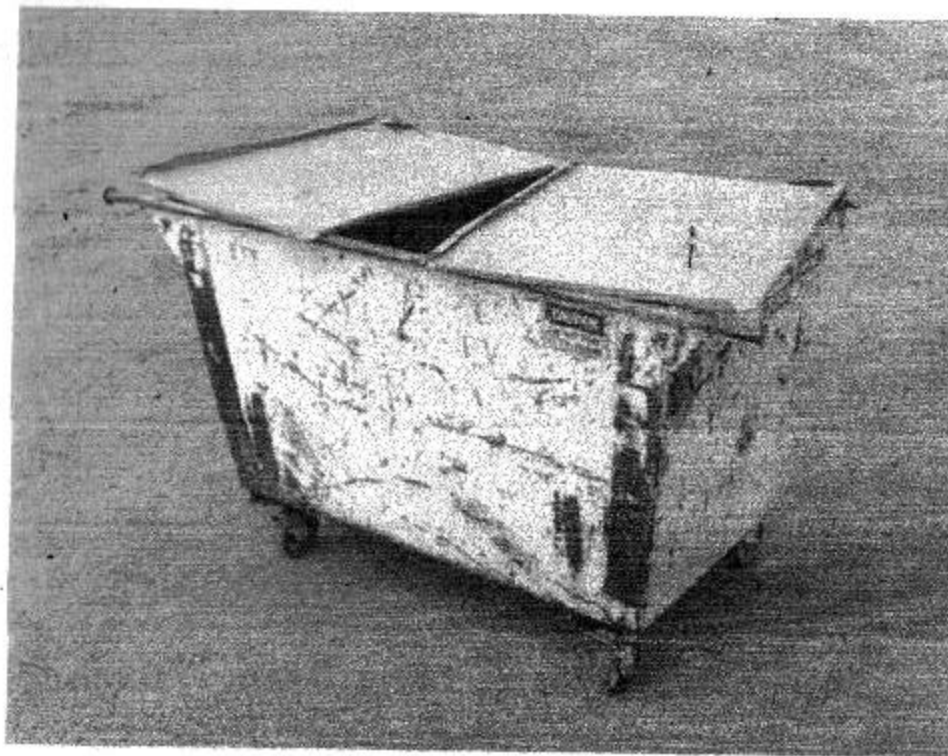
He was arrested early this year by U.S. Customs and Border Protection officials at Niagara Falls, N.Y. after the Canada Border Services Agency notified them that Smuhl was

[illegible]



i sit here with a smile upon my face.  
 im solemn and content, thinking of  
 the power of friendship. we're sunken  
 ships, my friends and i, gracious of  
 eachothers satires.  
 leveling eachother out, we take to these  
 streets with a spring in our step and we  
 roam around looking for adventure.  
 we wish we could escape this place.  
 we wish we could be sincere.  
 but for now sarcasm rings in each joke and  
 we cant get enough.  
 we'll laugh at our ideas but in the same  
 breath reveal our dreams.  
 we're the kids of this town, but we're  
 grown, old and grumpy.  
 a team of goof-offs, making fun out of our  
 messes.  
 we spare eachother from the loathing that  
 comes with this tiny, sheltered town.

GOBBLING COMPACTER. SO IT WAS A HUGE SURPRISE WHEN I PEERED OVER THE EDGE  
 OF A WALMART DUMPSTER AND SAW MY DREAMS COME TRUE! THIS WAS A WALMART IN A  
 NEARBY TOWN THAT HAD MOVED ITS LOCATION AND THROWN AWAY A RIDICULOUS AMOUNT OF  
 FOOD IN A HUGE INDUSTRIAL DUMPSTER BEHIND THE STORE. WALMART IS NOTORIOUS FOR  
 ITS WASTEFUL POLICIES AND ALWAYS HAS COMPACTERS, NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO. THIS  
 ONE WAS IN A STRIP MALL, THOUGH, AND WE WANTED TO CHECK THE DUMPSTERS  
 OF THE OTHER STORES. IT WAS ONLY BY LUCK THAT MY FRIEND CLIMBED UP THE LADDER  
 AND PEERED OVER TO HEAPS AND HEAPS OF SNACKS. WE COULD ONLY GIGGLE, JAWS  
 DROPPED IN AWE, AS WE EXAMINED OUR FIND. I SWEAR THAT DUMPSTER HAD EVERY  
 MAJOR BRAND SNACK. IT WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH COOKIES, CRACKERS,  
 FRUIT SNACKS, JUICES, BREAD AND EVEN ICE CREAM! NOW IT WAS JUST A MATTER  
 OF DIGGING AND FITTING IT ALL INTO BOXES AND INTO THE CAR. WE QUICKLY  
 HOPPED IN AND STARTED FILLING THE BOXES AND AFTER SEVERAL TRIPS WE WERE  
 FINALLY READY TO GO. I SAT IN THE BACKSEAT, CROWDED BY HUGE, LEAKING BOXES  
 OF OUR AMAZING SCORE, CHUCKLING AND LAUGHING ALL THE WAY HOME. THERES  
 NOTHING BETTER THAN FREE FOOD!



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"Deadened inside, we call the world itself dead, then surround ourselves with the bodies of those we've killed. We set up cityscapes where we see no free and wild beings. We see concrete, steel, asphalt. Even the trees in cities are in cages. Everything mirrors our own confinement. Everything mirrors our own internal deadness."

-Derrick Jensen.  
from Endgame.

what is "going green"?

shows on t.v.?

a national address?

or is it

slogans on a shopping

bag or maybe a

commercial?

is it solar panels or

a class at school?

it musn't be violent.

it musn't be against the  
"rules".

is it t shirts or just

some picture of trees?

is it standing by while

theres dead zones?

maybe a booming industry?

how about clear-cuts?

or incessant slavery?

its always whatever they

want it to be.

WHATEVER they want it  
to be.

every day the giant

wheels of this

culture turn and turn,

creating a shrill, omni-

present reminder of

our fragmented world. name-

less faces break their

fingers time and time

again for glorified

companies and lit up

slogans. the assembly

line is tireless; sucking

in lives and spitting out

products. the living are

turned to dead and one

bodys demented head shifts

the operating stick; a

wrecking ball aimed at the

natural world. sure, we can

buy and buy and we can

argue and vote. we can do

whatever we please but the

curtains are closing and

there is no encore

waiting for us.